



Pathways through Grief

Part of the Grief Information Series from Spicer-Mullikin Family Aftercare Services

On Coping with Anger: Poems

ANGER

Written by Joannetta Hendel

Don't tell me that you understand,
Don't tell me that you know.
Don't tell me that I will survive,
How I will surely grow.

Don't tell me this is just a test,
That I am truly blessed,
That I am chosen for this task,
Apart from all the rest.

Don't come at me with answers
That can only come from me,
Don't tell me how my grief will pass
That I will soon be free.

Don't stand in pious judgement
Of the bonds I must untie,
Don't tell me how to suffer,
And don't tell me how to cry.

My life is filled with selfishness,
My pain is all I see,
But I need you, I love your love,
Unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and downs,
I need someone to share,
Just hold my hand and let me cry,
And say, My friend, I care.”

I DON'T KNOW WHY

Written by Iris Bolton

I'll never know why.

I don't have to know why.

I don't like it.

I don't have to like it.

What I do want to do is accept it and
go on living.

The choice is mine.

I can go on living, valuing every moment
in a way I never did before,
Or I can be destroyed by it and,
In turn, destroy others

I thought I was immortal.
That my family and children were also.
That tragedy happened only to others.
But I know now that life is tenuous and
valuable.

So I am choosing to go on living
Making the most of the time I have,
Valuing my family and friends
In a way never possible before.